

if you want to go to heaven. by Prettything_uglylie

Series: [fictober 2019 \[21\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, BDSM, Bondage, Bottom Richie, Bottom Richie Tozier, Consensual Kink, Consumption as an allegory for lust, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Shameless Smut, Top Eddie Kaspbrak, Underage is tagged depneding on what you think

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

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Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 280

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Summary:

Eddie leans back, admiring his work and tilting his head back and forth a bit.

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Author's Note:

Catching up on Fictober in November? uh, yeah, i sure hope it does.

Eddie leans back, admiring his work and tilting his head back and forth a bit. He notes the way that the rope coils around Richie's pale ivory skin, around his legs and arms and torso to curl into knots like a noose trailing up his spine and Richie looks like he could be lifted, like he's light as a feather there. Eddie wants to lift him, wants to cradle him, wants to cup Richie into his palm and make him feel safe like the loud boy has always made him feel.

He assumes, deep down, that Richie does feel safe here - has to for the blindfold folded into four perfect creases and tied off with a weak knot at the back of his head, at the beginning of his prominent spine.

Eddie wants to trail kisses down that spine, wants to trail his teeth over the bones and bite. Never harsh enough to break the skin but enough to leave marks - *he's a broken boy, he knows, for the way he wants to consume, wants to have, wants to take.*

But he gives too: leaves wet kisses on Richie's thighs until his mouth is dry, gives his cock to make his Trashmouth feel good. Gives his heart almost shamelessly to a man who is more a part of himself than he himself could be.

He does not gag Richie's mouth; could not stand to not hear the freeflow of cusses that escape his mouth, could not withstand not having *'i love you's* rasped into his ear as he thrusts.

"Ready?" He asks, starving already and breathing heavily.

Richie's breathing seems no easier and he murmurs, bottom lip shaking, "Always."

Author's Note:

I hope you liked this! Enjoy!